

#### A VALENTINE.

(Written by a married man.)  
Into my presence came just now,  
A little child—I know not how.  
Familiar, too, he seemed; and yet  
I could not tell where we had met.

His men was innocent and mild—  
I never saw a fairer child—  
And yet, in most unseemly glee,  
He cocked one wicked eye at me.

I knew him then. The pretty boy  
Took aim with the same silver toy  
That slays its thousands. "Wait!" cried I.  
"Don't shoot at me, my son; oh, no."

"For you forgot it was your son;  
Sent once with your own matchless art,  
That made me like the rest—a fool.  
Since then, alas, I've been at school!

"For she, ah, yes! she still is fair;  
Untouched by gray her dusky hair.  
Once she was loving; now you see  
She rules the house, and she rules me."

He said no word, but just took aim.  
Straight to my heart the arrow come.  
"Forget me now, sir, if you dare!"  
Cried Cupid, running down the stair.

Deep in my heart there is a pain—  
Methinks I am in love again!  
Sweet, sweet, my pet, it is not true;  
Those foolish words I deeply rue.

I wonder if you are in league  
With Cupid? Is it Love's intrigue?  
I know not, care not, but I'll sign  
Myself your humble Valentine.  
—Puck.

#### MEG'S VALENTINE.

**M**EG was only one of the "bands" in the great factory of Weaver & Co., and with about the same regularity as the machinery she performed her daily tasks.

Nobody in the factory had ever given her so much as a sympathetic glance; the whirr of wheels, the grind of machinery, the everlasting hum of moving belts and singing of spindles do not encourage sympathy, and besides Meg was quiet, even timid, and her companions, after the first day of now and then a half curious, half critical inspection, paid no attention to her.

And yet Meg's "trouble" had been a romance; a sort of flower which blooms sometimes along the hedgerows with the same beauty and sweetness as in the conservatory.

Born was all Meg knew about her origin: brought up, at first in a charitable institution, later as the chore girl in a boarding house, which always smelled of dirt and rancidity; and still later as a boarder at the same place, because it was more like home to her after her long, hard day's work at the factory, where she had secured employment at the age of 15. Meg's life had been an uneventful one.

Meg was ignorant, her "schooling" having been encompassed by a six months' course at a grammar school in the neighborhood, and for which "educational advantage" she had toiled for the mistress of the boarding house until her health threatened to give way under the strain. But since somebody, back in the past of Meg's unknown ancestry, had sent a drop of ambitious blood flowing through her veins, within the six months she had learned to read easy words, both in print and writing, and she was proud of the fact.

She did glory in her power to read and spell out the meaning of such cheap books as came in her way, and once, having watched a postman deliver a letter across the street, she was seized with a wish that was somewhat akin to pain to receive a letter from somebody—just to see if she could frame an answer.

She had never received a letter and thinking it over from this standpoint, Meg felt that she was very lonely and she vaguely wondered how it all came about that nobody in all the thousands which made up the big city—the big city was Meg's world—had cared whether she lived or died.

Once a sweet little girl, who was walking with her nurse, had looked up into her face and with that free-fasonry which knows nothing of rules and which has in it the element, may, the very essence of fraternity, had pressed a tiny cluster of violets into her hand.

And so the days went on, to-day as yesterday, to-morrow as to-day, until one morning Meg overslept herself, by some method of calculation which did not consider time in the light of dollars and cents added to her income, and she went to her breakfast late. The landlady was unusually pleasant when a boarder happened to be late at breakfast and, as became one in her exalted position, she made an offense of this kind. Meg's part an affair of great importance.

Not that Meg in all the years she had worked for Weaver & Co. had been late to breakfast more than three or four times, but the landlady never quite forgot that Meg had at one time been her willing slave and any dereliction on her part



A TINY CLUSTER OF VIOLETS.

which was savored of independence was not a thing to lightly pass over.

The morning in question, the landlady, much to Meg's surprise, greeted her in an affable manner and her grim mouth quivered with something which might, under favorable conditions, have been mistaken for a smile, but which had had so little practice that it merely succeeded in being a grimace, as she told her to take her seat at the table and then proceeded to introduce her to a new boarder who had just paid a month's board in advance.

Meg acknowledged the introduction, and after the landlady had gone out ventured to look at her vis-a-vis, and discovered that he was a tall young man with a bronzed complexion and a pair of brown eyes which met hers frankly, and seemed to look right down into her foolefully beating heart, and after the tough steak had been served and he had gallantly filled a glass of water for her Meg made up her mind that he was different from those whom she constantly met beneath that roof, and was undeniably "nice."

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



On the 12th of February, 1809, in the wilderness, in Larue County, Kentucky, was born one of the best and greatest men that ever lived—Abraham Lincoln. His father was a poor farmer, and in the rude life of the backwoods his entire schooling did not exceed a year, but while at school he was noted as a good speller, but not as a good reader, and for his inability of easily learning anything, he was compelled to work in the coldest parting coal of fire, a moonkin cap, and his trousers, owing to his rapid growth (before his 17th birthday he was at his maximum of 6 feet 4 inches), were almost always nearly a foot too short. His last attendance at school was in 1820, when he was 17 years old, but after leaving he read everything readable within his reach, and copied passages and sentences that especially attracted him. His first knowledge of the law, in which he afterwards became eminent, was through reading a "Statute of Kentucky," which he borrowed from a law office, studied by the light of burning shavings in a cobbler's shop, after his family had, in 1820, emigrated to Illinois. In 1834 he was elected to the Illinois Legislature—was three times re-elected—was admitted to practice law in 1836, and then removed to Springfield, the State capital. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, where he voted against the extension of slavery, and in 1854 was a recognized leader in the newly-formed Republican party. In 1860 he was nominated for the Presidency, received a majority of votes over any of the other candidates and was installed in the Presidency on March 4, 1861, as the leader for the restoration of the Union. As a military measure he proclaimed Jan. 1, 1863, the freedom of all slaves in the seceding States, and was re-elected to the Presidency in 1864. The war brought to a close April 2, 1865, and on the 15th of the same month Abraham Lincoln's life was ended by the hand of an assassin. Thus, when he

Had mounted Fane's ladder so high  
From the round at the top he would step to the sky.  
the great President seemed to the rest.  
Twice elected to his high office, he was torn from  
it in the moment of triumph, to be placed side by side with Washington, the one the  
father, the other the savior of the Union; one the founder of a republic, the other the  
liberator of a race.

The young man, whose name was Atwood—"Mr. Thomas Atwood," as he was called by the landlady—was disposed to talk as he went on eating his breakfast, and as Meg was the only one at the breakfast table he naturally talked to her, and she soon learned that he was head brakeman on one of the trains which rolled out of the city on the iron rails belonging to a great railway line, and that his home was in an Eastern city. She told him that she also belonged to the toiling masses, and before breakfast was finished they became very well acquainted, and Meg, as she pinned her veil down close over her plain little hat, thought Mr. Atwood the very nicest gentleman whom she had ever met.

And so Meg's love story began, and as the time flew away it was apparent to everybody that she was growing absolutely pretty—happiness having much power in this direction—and that the time was approaching when the honest young brakeman and herself would cease to be lovers and become husband and wife.

Indeed, they had talked it all over, and Meg had told Tom that she had saved \$100 from her meager salary, and Tom had confessed that "before he had known her he had spent all his earnings, but since that time he had begun to put by a little, and now had \$300, and that he meant to work hard and get a promotion, so that they could some time have a home of their own," etc., just as humble, happy lovers always have done, and always will do, and then they decided that they would put the \$100 and the \$300 together, and, as that was the 1st of February, they would get married Feb. 14—a "valentine wedding," as Tom said, and then, when she said "she never had had a valentine," he laughed out of a heart just bubbling over with sweetness, and love, and merriment, and told her "he would be her valentine and she would be his," and then he kissed her, and Meg was in such a state of delight that she forgot she ever had been lonely, and she wouldn't have changed places with a queen, even if the latter had insisted upon it.

As the time drew near for the wedding Meg had a pretty new dress made and, somewhat softened by the love affair which had gone forward directly under her supervision, the landlady had made preparations for a wedding supper which was to outdo any previous effort of the kind in the neighborhood. Indeed, she had resolved that for once she would be extravagant, and she got out several ancient receipts, which were headed "Bride's Cake," and set to work beating eggs and weighing sugar in a way which made the kitchen scullion to declare, in a confidential manner, to the garbage man, that "Missus 'peared to be a little teched in her upper story," and gave her reason for her conclusion that "She was a makin' cake to beat sixty."

A few days before the time set for the wedding the weather, which had been in that condition known as "muggy," turned cold, and when Tom came around to bid Meg good-by before going out on his run for the last time before he claimed her as his bride, he had a powder of snow in his collar and that strange, indescribable smell of cold on his clothing which made Meg snuggle up to him and say she "was sorry he had to go out in the cold," and then, as she kissed him in that motherly way that comes natural to women when they love, she asked him to "be very careful and watch his footing as he ran across the tops of the cars, which were sure to be slippery because of the snow," and, at last, she let him go.

St. Valentine's morn dawned clear and



AND AT LAST, SHE LET HIM GO.

when he handed her an envelope containing a letter—her first letter—that something had befallen her lover, and she felt her way back to the little parlor and with shaking hands tore the letter open and slowly spelled out its contents. It was not long, but was written by Dr. —, of the company's hospital, and it stated that Thomas Atwood, a brakeman, had fallen between the cars while on his regular run and had been so badly injured that he had died shortly after being brought to the hospital. Before his death he had asked for pencil and paper and had written the enclosed, and requested that it be sent to its present address.

Meg dropped the letter, and with the calmness of one who has fast hold of despair she read Tom's last message which, with many breaks and almost illegible tracery, ran as follows: "Deer girl: I have made my last—run—and have got to say good-by—take a tide hold on the brakes, and with—love forever and ever, I am—your valentine."

That was all; only the story of two humble lovers, and to-day Meg is again in the factory. But, as I said, back of her soft gray eyes is a something which is too sad for speech, too deep for tears, and it will go with her all her days, and—who knows?—will fade only when she is no more lonely, no more heart-hungry. Death is not the end; it is the beginning. —Utica Globe.

#### MAKING LINCOLN PRESENTABLE.

Mrs. Lincoln "Fixed Up" the President-elect to Meet a Delegation.

In narrating "When Lincoln Was First Inaugurated," in the Ladies' Home Journal, Stephen Fiske writes interestingly of the memorable journey from Springfield, Ill., to the national capital, and tells of Mrs. Lincoln's efforts to have her husband look presentable when receiving a delegation that was to greet them upon reaching New York City.

"The train stopped," writes Mr. Fiske, "and through the windows immense crowds could be seen; the cheering drowned the blowing of steam of the locomotive. Then Mrs. Lincoln opened her hand bag and said:

"Abraham, I must fix you up a bit for these city folks."

"Mr. Lincoln gently lifted her upon the seat before him; she parted, combed and brushed his hair and arranged his black necktie.

"Do I look nice now, mother?" he affectionately asked.

"Well, you'll do, Abraham," replied Mrs. Lincoln critically. So he kissed her and lifted her down from the seat, and turned to meet Mayor Wood, courtly and suave, and to have his hand shaken by the other New York officials."

#### LOVE LOTTERY DAY.

One of the most charming and at the same time plausible versions of the relation of the modern valentine idea to that devoted Christian martyr, St. Valentine, is the following:

The early Christian fathers, in their attempts to conciliate their pagan compatriots, with most commendable tact and insight utilized many of the popular forms of mythological celebrations to commemorate Christian events.

One of the festivals, dear to the heart of every Roman, was the feast of Lupercalia, when they did honor to their gods Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, dance and drama, but with a peculiar ceremony which provided a billet box into which were dropped slips of paper inscribed with the ladies' names. The bachelors drew out these slips and the ladies whose names were on their papers were henceforth installed as their mistresses for twelve months to command them as best suited their sweet wills. This festival usually occurred in February, and was therefore made use of by the Christians to commemorate the birthday of the martyr, St. Valentine. In time it came to be called Valentine's Day and retained the love-lottery as its especial feature.

#### WHERE ABE PRACTICED LAW.

Old Courthouse at Lincoln, Ill., Has Connection with the Martyr.

The city of Lincoln, Ill., still contains one building in which Abraham Lincoln practiced law over forty years ago. It is known as the "Postville" court house, although that village was long ago absorbed by the present city.

The first county seat of Logan County was Postville, and the old court house, which still stands in the western part of Lincoln, was occupied as such from 1839 to 1848. In the latter year the courts were removed twelve miles south to Mount Pulaski, which village was the county seat until 1855. At almost every term of court from the time of the organ-



OLD POSTVILLE COURTHOUSE.

ization of the county as a separate local district and until his nomination for the presidency, Mr. Lincoln was one of the lawyers in attendance, and that he was a favorite with the people of the county is evidenced by the fact that the city bears his name. His stories are yet repeated by surviving pioneers who were county officials at that time, and his legal services in many of the trials of those times are still remembered.

When the Chicago and Alton Railroad was built through the county it did not pass through the new county seat, Mount Pulaski, nor the old one of Postville, but it did pass within a mile of the latter town. At this point a new town was founded and named in honor of Mr. Lincoln, who was a friend of the men who were its founders.

At the sale of lots in the new town on Aug. 29, 1833, Mr. Lincoln was present and expressed his regrets at having no money with which to buy some of the town lots. However, two lots opposite the block set aside as the court house square were given to him by Messrs. Gillard, Hickox and Latham as an attorney fee for services in the work of securing the charter and deeds for the new city. These lots Mr. Lincoln owned until his death and were not sold by his heirs until about seven years ago.

#### Honest Abe and the Bull.

Crossing a field one day, the late President Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an angry bull. He made for the fence, but soon discovered that the bull was overtaking him. He then began to run round a haystack in the field, and the bull pursued him; but, in making the short circles round the stack, Lincoln was the faster, and, instead of the bull catching him, he caught the bull and grabbed him by the tail. It was a firm grip and a controlling one. He began to kick the bull, and the bull bellowed with agony and dashed across the field, Lincoln hanging to its tail and kicking him at every jump, and, as they flew along, Lincoln shouted at the bull, "Hang you, who began this fight?"

#### Grace's Valentine.

Such a dainty valentine! Cupids, mottoes, lace, bows, satin frills—in fine.

Just the thing for Grace.

Pink the satin frills apart.

Lay beneath the lace.

Like a Slinky, tassel heart.

Just the thing for Grace.

#### TIGHT FITS IN FAVOR.

#### REACTION FROM THE LOOSE BLOUSE HAS SET IN.

Winter Colors in Tailor Rigs—Position of Waist Fastening and Its Effect—Advantages Derived from the Vogue for White at the Throat.

Fads of Fickle Fashion.

New York correspondence:

LANCING over the fashionable promenade one will observe that a concession to winter is made in many of the tailor rigs in the matter of color, and was made in the rig pictured beside the initial. Certainly that such a gown of warm brown, made snugly fastened at the throat and spread over the bust just to least to show its line of scarlet waistcoat, does seem warmer and more winter-like than would the same design carried out in some other combination of color. A row of close-set brass buttons added to this rig and gave a dash to the scarlet waistcoat. The little tam-o'-shanter to be worn with such a dress should have its soft crown of some warm tone of dark red, and the braiding on the dress will be outlined with red, or perhaps the ornamentation may be red velvet applique outlined with narrow braid.

Because the Russian blouse has been used impartially as either a bodice or an over garment, there is rather a revolt against it just now, especially when the stylish woman wishes it understood that she is out without an outer

a taper waist is of more value than the suggestion of extreme youth, will fasten hers to one side. There must be either a braid at the cuffs and collar, but the sleeves should finish in plain coat fashion.

Blazer and open jacket effects went out only to be reviewed for the sake of the women who think they look best with white lines at the throat. Such women continue to wear open front

#### TUNED FOR LOOKS SOLELY.

Jackets over stunning waistcoats and faultless linens and ties, and if the day is cold and their cheeks are red the wearers will get a lot of credit, for the linen "looks cold." A pretty new notion in ornamentation was employed on the jaunty jacket in the third picture. All its edges were finished with a two-inch band of scarlet cloth, over which was laid an open net braid in black. The red showed through with very pretty effect. The same idea carried out with black braid over white is stunning, but is colder-looking. As sketched, it was put on green cloth.

Though furs that are worn for warmth are scarce, rather more than the usual quantity of peltry is worn because of its dressiness. A great many fur garments that are little more than accessories are worn, and handsome affairs most of them are, their richness suggesting stores of other fine fur that the wearer may not possess at all. Lace yokes are frequently finished with a deep edge of fur, from under which a lace ruff peeps, thus bringing the yoke to the dimension of a cape. A pair of long tabs hangs from under the front of the cape nearly to the knees, and these are lined with satin to match the foundation of the yoke and finished all around about with a ruff of lace. The garment of this sort pictured here employed Persian lamb, red satin and white lace. Of course there is very little warmth in this sort of thing, even though the collar be high, but the effect is delightfully dressy. Sometimes, since it is so very swagger to combine furs, the yoke, instead of being lace, is a fur contrasting to that used for border and tabs. As many as three furs are often used in the construction of these fancy accessories, the fur mounted, besides, in lace, velvet or satin. The collar is always fur, but must be overlaid inside with soft white stuff, lace or mull laid in frills close about the face. Few designs in the way of overgarments are quite complete without a touch, a billum or a regular deluge of white at the throat.